

The Missionary Helper.

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“SO, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also.”

“EXCEPT a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.”

“PRAY ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest.”

“THE effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.”

“EVERY good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.”

“MY God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”

“BLESSED is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.”

“EVERY knee shall bow to me and every tongue confess to God.”

“REMEMBER therefore how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast and repent.”

THE OUTLOOK.

SEPTEMBER comes to most people with invigoration. The blood flows more strongly and steadily through brain and muscle. It begins to be easier to look away from self, to forget one's own feelings and to look out upon the needs of this suffering world.

Many yearly meeting sessions are held during this month. Such meetings are opportune for arranging the work of the coming season. Whatever we may have done in the past, the present is as full as ever of opportunity and need. Let us not abate one iota of effort, so far as our ability will allow.

But to the women who have borne the burden and heat of the work done by the Woman's Missionary Society we have a few words to say: As we look into the earnest faces that have responded to ours in sympathy during these years of work, we see weariness written there. Some meet with us no more. Others who have never before known how to say "no" now do it regretfully.

The lesson is plain. We are passing off the stage of action. The best part of our work is behind, not before us. What then is the part of wisdom?

Plainly it is to study to find younger workers, to enthuse them with the spirit of devotion to the interests in hand, and to appoint them as officers and burden-bearers when we find that we must lay down our work because of weariness.

Is it not also our duty to study our denominational needs, and to enlist these younger workers on the broadest possible platform, sincerely asking how in carrying on the work already attempted, we may help also along *all our lines of work*?

This is no doleful wail. It is practical common sense. The fountain of immortal youth is yet undiscovered. None of us purpose to step out of the harness and lie down and die by the roadside, but we may have to slacken our gait, and in doing so fresh workers must step into harness or the work will suffer.

May we not wisely make it our study during this active season to enlist for service many who have been in training in the younger societies?

THE MOTHER OF MOSES.

WHAT an interesting woman she must have been! How we should enjoy sharing with her her thoughts during those months when her womanly indignation at Pharaoh's edict kept her busy planning how to thwart his purpose in regard to the developing child!

What days those were while her beautiful boy was hidden from official search! How carefully she must have attended to the wants of the little Moses, during those three months, to keep him quiet! With what heartaches the little bulrush ark was constructed!

Where do we find more sagacious tact than in placing the little one in the path of one of the royal family? How daring and still how shrewd! If *anybody* could save him the daughter of Pharaoh could. With faith in God and consummate tact the beautiful babe in its dainty cradle is placed in a romantic spot by the riverside. How she studied all the details in order to make the impression a favorable one!

How clear her conception was of her mission as the mother of a great missionary deliverer we may not know, but we are sure that she was upheld by a faith pure and strong.

We can almost see and hear her as she gave her instructions to Miriam — the caution to keep hidden, but not for an instant to lose sight of the babe; the advice to appear at the proper moment, as naturally as possible, with the proposal to find a nurse.

O Hebrew mother! Generals have planned noted campaigns. Statesmen have wrought out deep laid schemes; but for daring, tact, shrewdness, far-sightedness, thou equalest any of them.

Where in history do we find anything more interesting than the situation after Pharaoh's daughter has adopted him? A child against whom sentence of death has been pronounced, adopted by the king's daughter but nursed by his own mother, with whose milk he drew in the spirit of justice and right; educated in the most advanced learning of the world, but most carefully taught of Jehovah's dealings with his people, his purposes for them, and of the coming Messiah.

Wonderful mother, to be able to hold the boy's interest and inspire his soul in spite of all the attractions of Pharaoh's court!

Why not write about the father as well? We may suppose that he sympathized with and aided in the plans, but the long hours of service demanded of the Hebrew slave left little time for aught else.

Besides, the very generally attested fact that boys inherit the strong characteristics of their mothers directs our thought to the mother of the great lawgiver.

Moses was a great home missionary, carrying the truth to his people and leading them out of bondage. Great honor is accorded to his name and memory. But Jochebed, the mother of Moses, the daughter of Levi, how few persons know even her name! how little we know about her and yet how much!

DO YOU NOT HEAR IT?

BY ERNEST GEO. WESLEY.

DO you not hear it? Do you not hear it?
Cry of the millions now drifting away?

Do you not hear it? Do you not hear it—

Cry of the perishing lost ones to day!

“Save us, we perish; we perish to day!

Tossed on the crest of the storm lashed sea,

Weary and helpless, its prey to be.

Loud is the roar of eternity;

Sinking in darkness and shame are we.”

Do you not hear it? Do you not hear it?
Loud is their pleading cry reaching thine ear.
Do you not hear it? Do you not hear it,
Borne on the tempest's wings swiftly and clear?
"Save us, we perish; we perish to-day!"
We'll man the lifeboat with heroes brave,
Heed not the peril, the maddened wave,
Pull for the shipwreck, Christ's own to save,
Purchased are they by the life he gave.

Do you not hear it? Do you not hear it?
Listen once more to that cry of despair.
Do you not hear it? Do you not hear it—
Cry of the sinking, still piercing the air?
"Save us, we perish; we perish to-day!"
Louder the hurricane's threat'ning roar,
Darker the night which enshrouds the shore,
Stronger the torrents of death's downpour—
Lost hours and wasted return no more.

Yes, you do hear it! Yes, you do hear it;
Gleams now your beacon light through the dark sky!
Yes, you do hear it! Yes, you do hear it,
Hearts have awakened and rescue is nigh.
"Save us, we perish; we perish to-day!"
Swift speeds the lifeboat o'er storm-tossed sea,
(Well manned by heroes in Christ made free)
Never shall ocean their deep grave be,
Evermore ransomed their souls we see.

MOMENTS WITH OUR EXCHANGES.

The *kingdom comes* by *sanctified giving*. Those who can not preach can give.

We need *individual giving*. "Let every one of you lay in store" (1 Cor. 16). Parents ought to teach their children to give.

We need *systematic giving*. "Upon the first day of the week."

We need *proportionate giving*. "As God has prospered you."

Let us not give to satisfy conscience. Give from love and principle. Let us sacrifice for this kingdom.

This *kingdom is to come* in its *glorious universal sense*. "The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ," declares John in Revelation. Time has finished its history. I see millions before God's throne. Did you help to bring any of them there? Did your money convert anyone? Help to answer Christ's prayers? Crown him Lord of all?—*A. M. Growden, in Mission Studies.*

The delusion and lies which the Chinese believe has just had striking demonstration at Canton. Dr. Niles says that the temple people advise, as a means of exterminating the plague, to *begin the New Year over again*. This was to deceive the spirits into thinking that the old year with its calamities had passed away and it was time to turn a new leaf. So the calendar was set back, and the doctor herself saw "in many places" the idol papers and good luck papers over the doors changed for clean ones. Her comment is that as New Year's requires general house-cleaning and plentiful fire crackers, "which are cleansing," there was some hygiene in the priests' advice.—*Woman's Work for Woman.*

A military graduate suffering from cataract was successfully treated in the Hankow Hospital. Returning to his home with restored sight, forty-eight persons with diseased eyes soon gathered about him, begging him to take them to the foreign doctor. So he led them, a procession of blind men, holding on to one another's rope, two hundred and fifty miles, to Hankow. Nearly all were cured. One of the hopeless cases while in the hospital had the eyes of his soul opened.—*The Helping Hand.*

"A woman must never seek independence."—*Laws of Menu.* "Woman's business is to get food and wine; beyond the threshold of her own rooms she should not be known for evil or good."—*Confucius.* "Heaven is for our husbands and sons, they have souls. We are only poor beasts."—*Reply of a*

Turkish Woman. "Women and slaves may be good, though of these one is less good and the other wholly bad."—*Aristotle.* It was left for Jesus Christ to say to helpful womanhood, "Let her alone, she has wrought a good work upon me;" and to repentant womanhood, "Neither do I condemn you, go in peace."—*Union Signal.*

In a certain large university where neither class nor sex prevails two young people received the degree of D.D. One was a young woman who has literally "worked her way" through her course of study. In the afternoon she was presented her well earned divinity degree, and not a whit less respect did she receive from the admiring audience because she had been seen that very morning, clad in a calico wrapper, washing the steps of the hall where she lived.—*Union Signal.*

NOTES ON JAPAN.

JAPAN, an empire of the N. Pacific ocean, consists of nearly 4000 islands and extends from latitude 23 degrees to 50 degrees north. Total length 2450 miles. Area 179,000 square miles. Population 40,000,000. The Japanese belong to the Mongolian race. They are industrious, hospitable, intellectual, and patriotic. They are successful farmers, and in certain manufactures have no superiors. The annual production of rice is about 200,000,000 bushels. Although rapidly adopting the ways of the Europeans they still retain many customs peculiarly their own. The merchants bring their goods to the door to show the purchaser, who remains outside; their mourning color is white instead of black; the best rooms of the house are in the rear; when entering a house they remove their shoes instead of their hats; they mount a horse on the right side and put him in the stable with his head to the door; they do up parcels with a silk handkerchief and wipe the nose on a piece of paper; in their homes each individual has his stove, and there is one for each guest; their carriages, or jinrikishas,

are exaggerated two-wheeled baby carriages, with a cover that can be raised and lowered like a carriage top, and two shafts closed at the end; these are drawn by natives; their books begin where ours end, and their foot-notes are printed at the top of the page.

The authentic history of Japan extends back over 2500 years. Their ancient government as well as religion was obtained from China by way of Korea. The will of the emperor, or Mikado, was formerly supreme. He had full power over the life and property of his subjects, exacting the personal services of every man one day in twelve. In 670 A. D. the Firjiwara family by strength of arms usurped and held the power of the state, their sons being the real rulers of the effeminate emperors, whom they married to their daughters.

In 1185 the chief of another family gained supremacy, and compelled the court to create and bestow upon him the post of generalissimo, or *shogun*, whose power was supreme. During most of the 16th century the whole country was in an open state of war, one strong family fighting against another. This resulted in 1603 in the accession of the Tokugawa family to the shogunate, and they succeeded in retaining their power until 1868, when the feudal system was abolished and the Mikado became in fact as well as in name the ruler of the nation.

The Mikado is considered as descended from the gods, and until of late has been invisible to the people at large. Mitsu Hilo, the present emperor, will be 42 years old Nov. 3, 1894, and has been on the throne since 1867. He has thus far proven himself a wise and sagacious ruler. Japan has a regular postal service, several railroads, and hundreds of miles of telegraph in operation, and her principal ports are open to trade. In 1889 Japan adopted a constitution. It provides for a house of peers with 392 possible members partly nominated and fully officered by the government, and a house of representatives with 300 members elected by the people. Count Ito, president

of the upper house, framed the constitution ; Nakashima, president of the lower house, and eleven of its members are Christians, also three of the upper house.

The principal religion of Japan is Buddhism. Japan is said to have 8,000,000 gods. In every home is kept a shelf for gods. Kioto has over 800 temples, and in one of these, the temple of Sanjusangendo, are 33,333 gods.

The famous revolving library at Tokio contains the Buddhist scriptures, consisting of 6771 volumes. It was brought from China in the 13th century, and is still in a good state of preservation. Near by is posted a notice saying that whoever shall cause this library to revolve three times on its axis (a feat easily accomplished) shall have a degree of merit equal to that of reading the entire Buddhist scripture, together with long life, prosperity, and the avoidance of all misfortune. Of course any believer would be to the expense of the effort with the attainment of such an end in view.

Have Christians borrowed the thought from the heathen that carelessly handling or reading the Bible has the same effect as studying and absorbing its life-giving words? The superstition attaching to false religions is strongly manifest among the Japanese. The constant motion of their island, their frequent earthquakes and numerous volcanoes, they attribute to a large subterranean fish, which wriggles whenever it awakens.

The position of woman, as a matter of course, is just in line with their religion. Although her condition is not as deplorable as in India, yet she is obliged to do the hardest kinds of manual labor. It is only Christianity that permits woman to occupy a place by the side of man as a responsible, intelligent being.

MISS E. L. DARLING.

Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

In preparing this article we acknowledge indebtedness to "Days and Nights in Old Japan," by R. Locke of *Toledo Blade*.

HER FIRST CASE.

"I WAS sent for to see a woman dying from the effects of a snake bite ; she was very collapsed, bleeding from the mouth, ears, etc. The native snake doctor had treated her by smearing a painful ointment over her eyes to prevent her from going to sleep, applied rice and egg to the wound, and given her powerful medicine. I said I feared I was too late, but if they would let the woman come to my house I would do my best to save her. After reviving her a little, we brought her home. I thought she would have died before we could get her there, but the fresh air revived her somewhat. We nursed and tended her, and to everyone's astonishment she began to get better. The snake doctor's medicine acted, and brought its own complications with it. As she was able to understand, she was told about Jesus. We taught the husband a simple prayer and simple facts about sin and the Saviour ; both seemed to understand. On the fifth day a crisis again set in, and I feared, after she had been getting on so well, that, in spite of all, she would die. I was obliged to break the news to her husband. He said, 'Then let her die a Christian,' and begged us to pray for her and tell her what to say.

"She was perfectly conscious, and of her own accord said, 'If I live I will become a Christian ; if I die I will now go to heaven to be with Jesus ; I have no fear, but think I am going to get better.' That night I thought, 'She is indeed our first fruits ; healed in soul though not in body.' She asked her husband to meet her in heaven, and he was so grateful to us and fond of her we felt he would come out for Christ. To make a long story short she did recover, and at a meeting in their own village last Sunday she and her husband came and publicly testified before their heathen friends their intention of becoming Christians.

"They are now under instruction, and last evening they walked over to see us. I am so grateful to God that our first case should have been thus blest."—*Dr. Lucille Leslie, of Ceylon, in The Zenana.*

FROM THE FIELD.

INDIA EXPERIENCES.

WE have had an unusually dry season, no rain from October, when the rainy season closed, until the latter part of May. Then there were several showers at intervals. About two weeks ago we had a heavy shower one afternoon. The next morning the sky was unusually blue for the hot season and the clouds white and dazzling, but it was not till I saw a small bright red velvet insect hurrying along in an apparently aimless manner, that I realized the "monsoon had broken," the "hot season" was at an end, and the "little rains" were upon us. This little creature is the brightest and most beautiful of our smaller India animals. It varies in size from a small to a very large pea. It is of an irregular, oval shape, with tiny depressions here and there on the back, of a darker scarlet. Pick one up and its six legs, two feelers, and head are instantly folded snugly under its body. But hold it a minute in your hand, and presently they will all unfold, and the little creature will turn its fat, round body over and trudge off busily, while you admire the satin legs of a lighter scarlet, and the busy "feelers" that precede every step. What romances the naturalist would write about this charming little animal whom we all love and admire! To the ordinary observer its habits are very simple—it comes out of a small hole in the ground and presently digs itself into the ground again. It will disappear before the steamy, hot, rainy season ends.

Another creature of the rainy season, not beautiful nor pleasant, invaded the chapel last Wednesday evening as we sat at Sunday-school teachers' meeting, and when we came home we found the lamps here had attracted it into the house. The white ant is not a pleasant creature in any of its many forms; the queen ant, laying an incredible number of eggs daily, is

a repulsive, grubby-looking animal without much form or color. The ordinary worker is so destructive, so persevering, that were it ever so beautiful we could not see its beauty. It is a small, insignificant, soft little thing with a dirty white body and dirty yellow head. So soft is it it cannot bear any exposure, and builds its tunnel as it goes, working and going always under cover of a mud roof. During the rainy season the white ants come out in great numbers with fat little bodies each having four gauzy brown wings. They flutter about, getting into the soup if there is any on the table, into the butter, the glass of water, up your sleeve, and being generally disagreeable. After a little the wings drop off and then after a few hours there are no more white ants to be seen anywhere, nor any trace of them excepting the gauzy wings. Big black ants capture some, but where the greater number disappear to is a mystery.

We have had showers and days and nights of rain. We must look over all our packed away things this week if possible, and sun them if the days are sunny, or better still toast them over a charcoal fire, and get the dampness and mold dried out of them.

The month of vacation in Bible School, the zenana-work, the ragged schools, and the girls' and boys' schools, is drawing to a close, and we soon shall be in the regular work again.

The dispensary has no vacation unless the doctor is away, and, though there has been rather less sickness than usual this season, not a day has passed without bringing several for medicine.

The husband of an interesting patient who has been under treatment for some little time said to me yesterday, "Please give me a Jesus Christ book; I want to know more about your religion. I know something about it from a tract given some time ago. It is a good religion." I gave him a Testament, and he seemed greatly pleased. Surely this is an encouragement to "sow beside all waters."

M. W. B.

Midnapore, June 17, 1894.

FRESH INDIA EXPERIENCES.

PREPARATIONS are being made for opening the English High School on 25th inst. The first and second teachers (both B. A.) have been engaged. I hope to be able to write more about it the next time. The boys of the Christian community are delighted with the prospect of attending this term. Once or twice in the week Mrs. Boyer and I try to find time to call upon the natives ; some evenings we make four or five calls. It pleases them to have the missionaries call upon them frequently. Sometimes it gets somewhat monotonous to me, as I listen to the conversation, here and there catching a word and trying to guess the rest. At first, when I heard them talking so rapidly, it seemed to me like an unintelligent jabber with many nasal sounds. I could not find any beauty in it ; but, since I have become better acquainted I have changed my mind.

Since my last letter I have visited several zenanas, accompanying Miss Scott in her work. It was quite different from what I had expected. Some of the homes contained three or four pupils. At one home quite an elderly woman was trying to learn. After the reading lesson Miss Scott questioned them, and at some of the homes sang to them. They listened very attentively and seemed to be pleased.

I must not forget to mention the calls Mrs. Boyer and I made at two zenanas a fortnight ago this evening. They were the homes of educated Hindoos—belonging to the high caste. At the first, Mrs. Boyer was invited by a young man to call upon his aunt. When we arrived at the house we were conducted to the open court, where we were received by a sweet-faced woman. We had not been seated when the eldest brother belonging to the household entered the court to welcome us. As soon as he entered what was my surprise to behold the woman cover her face with her sarda, keeping it covered all the time he was present. After a short conversation he excused himself and said that it was the custom of their country for the younger

brother's wife to cover her face when in the presence of an elder brother. As soon as he was gone she took a seat and began to talk. She seemed to be very much interested in fancy work in wools. In the second home I was especially attracted to one of the women. She seemed intelligent and very kind, and appeared to be very glad to have us call. Each of the women wore expensive jewelry. When we arose to leave she asked if we would come to see her again. How long the time must be to those women so much of whose lives are passed inside those closed doors!

The other day I was reading a letter from one of our missionaries in the field. He referred to the many ways the priest had of extracting money from the people, one of which was in having a marriage between trees (pepul). Since then I have learned that not only are trees married, but men are married to them. Let me explain: When a man loses by death a first or second wife, or whatever the case may be, a plan to circumvent the king of death has been invented; he is married to a tree, after which he marries a woman; thus he has two wives at the same time, viz. tree and woman. If the king of death should come it is the belief that the first victim must be the tree.
— *Lizzie E. Gaunce, in Religious Intelligencer.*

NOT with the booming cannon,
Not with the rolling drum,
Not with gay banners flying,
Or glistening spears, we come;
Not with wild shouts of triumph,
Not with the trumpet's blare;
You shall hear no shrieks of terror,
No wailings of despair.
For ours is the pure white banner,
The flag of love and peace,
And oh, we'll sing hosanna
When the rule of might shall cease.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN LIVING.

AUNT HITTYS "DE-FIC-IT."

It was missionary Sunday, and Aunt Hitty was getting ready for meeting. She had wheeled the deacon's chair to the front window, put the Bible and the church paper on the stand by his side, and shut the cat into the back shed lest she should choose to make a cushion of the deacon's swollen feet. It seemed heartless to leave the helpless man alone, but since he could not hear the sermon himself the next best thing would be to have Aunt Hitty's version of it — what was said, how it seemed to move the brethren, and how the collection turned out; for when it came to an out and out collection the sisters were not of much account — the thing was to move the brethren.

"My sakes!" said Aunt Hitty, turning back from the door, "I came near forgetting the missionary money."

She took the big black wallet from the top drawer of the bureau and brought it dutifully to the deacon, who opened it with his clumsy fingers and extracted a neatly folded bill.

"I been keepin' that bill ever since I sold the russet apples. Seems better to have clean money for the c'lections."

"I s'pose you don't feel 't you can go over five dollars this year, do you, Dan'l?" said Aunt Hitty, anxiously. "It's going to be a tight squeeze to bring the amount up to last year, and they say the Board's in debt."

"I don't feel 't I can, Hitty," said the deacon, strapping the wallet. "I did plan to double up, mebby, if I was prospered; but here I be with a doctor's bill, and can't c'lect a cent of that int'rest money. The Board no business going in debt; it's bad policy."

"Seems to me it's the same kind of policy you used, Dan'l. You promised the Lord ten dollars instead of five, because you counted on the int'rest money, and now 'tain't paid it runs you in debt."

"I didn't promise, Hitty. I was only considerin'. It's suthin' to have the willin' mind, ye know. I declare for 't I don't feel reel safe to have ye put that wallet in the draw'. The's a hundred dollars in it, and some tramp might come along"—

"Think I better put it in the spare room?"

"Goodness, no! I'd ruther have it where I can see it."

Aunt Hitty looked at the clock and the cupboard with an air of indecision; but the church bell was ringing, and she thrust the wallet hastily into her capacious pocket.

"I'll just take it along, and then I sh'll know it's safe," she said, taking up the hymn book, between whose leaves lay the missionary money.

"You might get held up," suggested the deacon; but instantly repented the remark as unseemly for the Sabbath.

He saw his wife's comfortable figure moving up the village street; he nodded to John Ainslee as he drove by, and noticed that a new spoke had been put in that wobbling hind wheel; he followed the stooping form of Deacon Hapgood with a smile of superiority: it might be a cross to be laid up with rheumatism, but he still stood as straight as ever when he could stand at all. Then the bell stopped ringing, and the Carters trooped by, late and breathless, as usual: somehow the Carters never did quite catch up with things.

Meantime, at the meeting-house, the minister, with prayer and longing of heart, was setting before his people the pressing needs of foreign missions. He knew that some of them had met with losses and disappointments; he remembered the great and unusual demands for relief at home; but he had been on mission fields, and he knew what sacrifice and self-denial meant, and he could not feel that these well-fed men and women, with their substantial clothing and comfortable homes, had any actual experience of either. His people always looked forward to the missionary sermon as something of a treat. It was not every church whose pastor could make his theme inter-

esting by incidents of personal experience and vivid descriptions of life in those regions that seemed quite outside their humdrum world of busy week days and quiet Sundays. If the minister could have looked into the hearts before him he would have seen a good many judgment seats set up, from which men's better selves scrutinized their own pitiful excuses and shallow pretenses. But he could not see, and his heart was heavy as he watched the collectors at their work.

Aunt Hitty sat folding the new bill in smooth creases, and half inclined to rebel at the deacon's rheumatism, which certainly seemed an unfortunate dispensation. She felt sure if he had heard that sermon he would have given another five dollars ; but she was so unaccustomed to carrying money that she never once thought of the wallet in her pocket. So she wiped her eyes, and put in her bill with a fervent prayer that ought certainly to have doubled its value.

The collectors sat down to count the money, in the corner pew under the gallery, while the choir sang,—

“ Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee.”

There were some strong expressions in the hymn, but the tune was inspiring ; and, as bearing one's cross was understood to mean speaking in prayer-meeting, everybody joined in heartily.

But at the end a very irregular thing occurred. The minister beckoned to Deacon White, and asked him in a whisper about the collection. It was about the same as last year ; but the minister had hoped for a little toward the deficit, and his face expressed disappointment and struggle. He extended his hands, and the congregation stood with bowed heads awaiting the benediction ; but, instead of pronouncing the familiar words, he said :

“ Brethren, before we ask that the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ may abide with us, let us recall Paul's words, ‘ For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, how, though he was

rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich.' Does that grace dwell in us? Have we become poor that any may be rich? Has our giving touched any of our comforts? Has it reached all our superfluities? Do we realize what that deficit in the missionary treasury means, in the reduction of salaries, the cutting down of appropriations, the refusal of sorely needed help, the bitter disappointment of those who have counted upon our giving?

"When you go to your comfortable homes, and sit down to your abundant tables, will you be able to forget these disappointed ones who must be denied the small pittance that would provide for them a teacher, or make room for their children in the crowded schools, because we in America are so poor — because our financial distress is so great?

"So poor, when ten cents more from every member of our church would meet the whole deficit? So poor, with the exceeding riches of grace at our command! So poor, knowing the 'love of God that passeth knowledge'? So poor, having the promise, 'My God shall supply all your need'! So poor, having heard the message of redemption, knowing the 'God of all comfort,' 'having fellowship with the Father and his son Jesus Christ,' walking amid the 'cloud of witnesses,' having our citizenship in heaven, and 'looking for the glorious appearing of our Lord and Saviour'?"

He paused a minute, and said with a kindling face, "Brethren, let us take a special collection for the debt."

The people slowly seated themselves and the collectors started again on their rounds. Aunt Hitty watched with fascinated eyes as the basket came toward her. Should she tear a leaf out of the hymn book and make a subscription? But Dan'l never made subscriptions. He said it was just like giving twice over, because you had to bring yourself up to it both times. Her hand fumbling for her spectacles touched the wallet, and an electric thrill ran through her as she seized it. If there was only a five-dollar bill, or even ten — but no, there

were only two bills, two fifty-dollar bills! There stood the collector, only two pews ahead, waiting for Cap'n Eb. Downing to extract a coin from his long, slippery pu's. The bills rattled in her nervous fingers, and her heart thumped so it seemed as if folks must hear it. This was the money Dan'l had kept out to pay for the new buggy. He had never been so keen to buy it, but she had declared she was ashamed to ride in the old one any longer. Folks begging for a Bible reader, and here she was with pretty near the price of three in her pocket. The basket was traveling down the pew straight at her, and with a little gasp Aunt Hitty crumpled one of the bills into a wad and laid it among the scattered coins.

"There," she said to herself, "I can't give away Dan'l's half of the buggy, but I'm free to give mine, and I've done it."

She hurried away after service, scarcely waiting to exchange a word with the neighbors, and all the way home she was in a tremor of excitement. But there was the doctor talking with Dan'l and Silas, who had come over to see his uncle and look after the colts, so there was no chance for immediate explanations. She went about preparing dinner, and really chuckled over her secret as she slipped a mince pie into the oven to warm and brought out the quince preserves that Dan'l was so fond of. She made the most of the story when it came to telling them about the sermon and the extra collection, and the deacon was almost as much stirred as if he had heard it at first hand.

"Wonder how they come out," he said anxiously. "You ought to have waited and found out, Hitty. I hope they got suthin' worth while; ten cents a member ain't much."

"But then you have to allow for folks that don't give anything. The' warnt anything to speak of in the basket when it got to me," said Aunt Hitty, taking a critical observation of the deacon through the upper section of her glasses.

"If I'd been there I guess I sh'd have ventured on the promises and put in another five dollars," said the deacon complacently, and Aunt Hitty's eyes twinkled, but said nothing.

That night the deacon could not sleep. It might have been the mince pie, or it might have been too much company, but after much groaning and sighing he ventured to ask absurdly, "You asleep, Hitty?"

"No," said Aunt Hitty, cheerfully, struggling out of an awful dream, in which she had seen herself riding in a gorgeous chariot over a road paved with prostrate heathen.

"I can't seem to sleep," said the deacon, "and I'm pestered to death with that de-fic-it a-running in my mind. Does seem hard to have it come on the missionaries."

"Well, if that's all," said his wife, "you can just go to sleep and be easy. It ain't a-coming on the missionaries, nor the Board neither, not our part of it; it's a-coming on us. We've got a de-fic-it ourselves, Dan'l; we're just half a buggy short."

Aunt Hitty was just poisoning a spoonful of red jelly, in which she had buried a bitter dose, over the deacon's open mouth. In her excitement she gave the spoon a flourish which landed the contents in his ear, and then laughed hysterically as the poor man looked imploringly up into her face with the full conviction she had gone crazy.

"I ain't crazy, Dan'l; you needn't stare at me in that way; I couldn't help it. To think of me sitting there with a new buggy in my pocket, and them poor souls."

"Hitty," gasped the deacon, "you don't mean to tell me — you didn't."

"Yes, I do mean, Dan'l, I give my half of the buggy; and I believe in my soul if you'd a' been there you'd a' give your half. You always said we didn't reely need it, and it was just my foolish pride; and now we'll ride in the old buggy, and you've saved fifty dollars."

The deacon was silent while his wife wiped the jelly out of his ear, but there was a twinkle of amusement in his old eyes as he said, "You 'pear to like the idee of havin' a de-fic-it, Hitty."

"So I do," said Aunt Hitty; "but I can tell ye, Dan'l, when it would be mighty depressing to have a de fic-it, and that's

when the Lord says, 'Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward.' "

"That's so, Hitty," said the deacon solemnly. "I dunno but what I might as well give my half of the buggy, too. We're gittin' along in years, Hitty, and we've got a sight of things to be thankful for."

But the most thankful man in all the village was the minister, who sent the two bills to the missionary treasury, and said to his own soul, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst doubt?"
—*Emily Huntington Miller, in Life and Light.*

HELPS FOR MONTHLY MEETINGS.

THE CONCERT CALENDAR, 1894.

January, The World; *February*, China; *March*, Mexico; *April*, India; *May*, Malaysia; *June*, Africa; *July*, United States; *August*, Italy and Bulgaria; *September*, Japan and Korea; *October*, Protestant Europe; *November*, South America; *December*, United States.

PROGRAM FOR OCTOBER.

[See "Notes on Japan."]

Give a few geographical facts about Japan.

State race, habits, and something about occupation.

Tell about the customs.

Give some historical facts.

State the position of the Mikado in relation to his subjects.

What about the present emperor?

When was a constitution adopted?

What are its provisions?

Tell about the religion of Japan.

Give facts about its famous library.

Tell of one of the superstitions.

What of the position of woman?

[Subject for discussion. "How shall we enlist the younger people in the work?" See editorial, "The Outlook."]

WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS.

SOUTH DAKOTA.—The South Dakota Q. M. convened at Valley Springs, Mar. 9, 10, and 11. We had with us Rev. A. R. Toothacre, Sioux Falls, Rev. J. P. Hewes, Clear Lake, and our own beloved former pastor, Rev. R. A. Coates, now of Estherville, Iowa. Rev's Hewes and Toothacre are to sever their connection with their churches this spring, and we shall then have only one minister left in this Q. M.—our good Brother A. E. Caldwell, who preaches at Springdale.

In connection with our Q. M. we held our W. M. S., with an interesting program on Saturday evening, at which a collection was taken of \$2.69.

Resolutions were adopted, expressing heartfelt regret at being compelled to part with our beloved sister, Mrs. A. R. Toothacre. We shall miss the inspiration of her presence among us. We ever found in her a true and devoted follower of Christ and an efficient worker in his vineyard, and as such we pray God's choicest blessings to follow her wherever she may go.

MISS ROSINA H. PALMER, *Sec.*

MAINE.—The W. M. S. of the Sebec Q. M., met in connection with the meeting held with the Bradford church June 18, 1894. Meeting was called to order by the president, Mrs. Stevens. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Bradford, followed by an interesting program. After which we listened to an eloquent sermon by Rev. Mr. Gammon. The money taken this session amounted to about \$30.00. We feel that we have been greatly blessed during the past year in our work, and in all our successes and blessings we feel the tender, divine touch of our heavenly Father, who is always ready to lead and guide his children, and we say with the poet:

“To us through every star,
Through every blade of grass,
Our God is made visible
If we but open our eyes.”

MISS ALICE L. JORDAN, *Sec.*

Ellsworth Q. M., at East Surry. Our missionary meeting consisted mostly of talk by two dear old sisters who have not been with us before for years. Mrs. Mary R. Gott, Orland, and Mrs. Emily Burrill of Dedham, both of whom, with our late departed Sister Saunders, were charter members of the first Female F. M. Society of the Ellsworth Q. M., formed 43 years ago; they have paid their dollar each year since and done much more, and are still doing. Collection \$16.00. We chose a delegate to State Association for the first time.

JULIA A. CHATTO.

MICHIGAN.—*Wixom.* The first annual business meeting of the Oakland Q. M. W. M. S. was held at Highland, June 11.

We enter upon the new year with deeper interest in the work and encouraged to believe that the missionary fire is spreading, though slowly, throughout our churches.

There is no Auxiliary in this Q. M., but we hope to report the organization of at least one in the near future. Nine HELPERS are taken, six of which receive a warm welcome into the homes of members of the Green Oak church.

We hope to increase the number of subscribers to this bright little HELPER, which we sincerely believe none can afford to do without.

MRS. E. GLOVIER, *Sec.*

PERSONALS.

Our sympathy is with *Libbie C. Griffin*, who, after weeks of lingering pain, is slowly regaining health at Battle Creek Sanitarium.

Dr. Nellie M. Phillips has been visiting some churches in Ohio.

Mrs. F. W. Reeder is supplying the pulpit of the Hinckley, Ohio, church.

Miss Susan B. Anthony had an audience, at Keuka Park, of nearly 2000 persons to listen to her able advocacy of woman suffrage.

Mrs. Thera B. True and *Mrs. A. A. McKenney* gave addresses at the Iowa Y. M. session of the W. M. S.

Miss Lavina Coombs and *Rev. and Mrs. O. R. Bacheler* and *Rev. and Mrs. E. B. Stiles* gladdened the hearts of Ocean Park people by their presence and helpful words during the assembly.

Mrs. E. W. Poirer, who has for years been presiding officer at the Woman's Convention at Ocean Park, was absent on account of illness. Her many friends wish for her speedy recovery.

Mrs. Abbie Day Curtis, one of our valued editorial contributors, has been seriously ill, but is now recovering.

Mrs. Buzzell, the wide-awake matron of Curtis Home, reports a good financial season.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

SUGGESTIONS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

YOUNG Christians cannot be growing truly in knowledge of the kingdom of our Lord except they learn missionary work.

Each A. C. F. or C. E. Society should devote a certain number of meetings in the year to missionary themes. We suggest as one, "The Judsons; their lives and work." Perhaps no four characters have more of interest associated with them than Adoniram Judson and his three interesting wives.

Sources of information about them are numerous. Their lives are in most of the Sunday school libraries, they should be in all. A very interesting program can be arranged with themes like these: The condition of India when the Judsons went there. A synopsis of the life of Missionary Judson. Short account of the life of Ann Hasseltine Judson. Principal events in the mission during her life. A story of the life of Sarah Boardman Judson. Events in the mission during her life.

Life and story of Emily Chubbuck Judson (Fanny Forester). Condition of the mission at the time of Adoniram Judson's death.

Reading of the following article by Dr. J. L. Phillips, Sunday-school Secretary for India :

THE GRAVE AT AMHERST.

This morning in company with Miss Haswell, whose father came to India in the same ship with mine in 1836, and Rev. A. E. Seagrave, secretary of the Burma Sunday School Union, I have visited the grave of Ann Hasseltine Judson, better known perhaps as the first Mrs. Judson of Burma. The "hopia tree" is long since gone, and the grave has been moved back from the broad and encroaching river.

It was good to stand beside this grave that has been seen from the deck of passing vessels for almost seventy years. The little settlement of Amherst is situated at the mouth of the Maulmain river, about thirty miles by boat and over fifty by road from the city of Maulmain. A neat iron fence, sent from America, protects this missionary grave. There are a few Burman Christians living here, and Miss Susan E. Haswell is the missionary in charge of the little station.

When we arrived just before noon yesterday, she was away, having gone to help a suffering woman in a distressing case eight miles off. It was almost dark when she got back in her bullock cart and in the pouring rain. Miss Haswell has to be doctor as well as general manager here, and has a warm place in the hearts of the people. Of Dr. Haswell's four children, three came back to their parents' field. The son's term of service was brief and his grave is at Maulmain. The elder daughter is Mrs. Vinton, of the Karen Mission in Rangoon. India has several such missionary families.

The story of Ann Judson's life is one of the classics of missionary literature. As told by Dr. Wayland of Brown University, and by a dozen or more other writers, it is known to every

intelligent Christian child of ten, or ought to be. Beside her grave to-day I've been reviewing some passages in her pioneer career, and thanking God for her and all like her in Asia and Africa and other lands, who have endured hardness as good soldiers of the cross. Their very graves plead eloquently for Christian missions. And may they never plead in vain.

It has been said that God removes his workers, but their work abides. Here I find Dr. Judson's best monument, the Burmese Bible, and I've been addressing the children of a beautiful school in the very building he erected for chapel school-house. I've shaken hands with some who recollect him, and one who was baptized by him. His grave is in the sea, but his work is remembered and his memory revered throughout this beautiful land of Burma, to which he and his devoted coadjutors gave their lives. The same is true of his noble helper, whose mortal remains were laid under the hopia tree at Amherst.

Standing beside Mrs. Judson's grave, I have been reminded of other graves. Every one who halts at the island of St. Helena, visits the resting-place of Mrs. Sarah Boardman Judson. In a quiet spot in the north of Ceylon I found the grave of Eliza Agnew, who gave forty years to the daughters of that "spicy isle." Beside the crumbling chapel at Jellalore, Patna, is seen the grave of Lovina Crawford. And how many more might be mentioned. And how many others unmarked, unknown, on land and sea, of those who have fought the fight, kept the faith, and received the crown. May the Lord keep us all who remain on these frontier fields of his army of conquest in hearty fellowship with those who have entered into life eternal and found the heavenly mansions.

True sisters of these devout women are hastening to all pagan lands from the Christian homes of America and Europe. The remarkable student volunteer movement, launched and led at first by two of our India's own, has brought a noble band already to these shores. The Christian Endeavor Society has undoubtedly helped much in directing young minds, aglow with

the love of Christ, to the wants and woes of the heathen world. May the Holy Spirit call yet many more and commission them for this missionary service ! These beautiful opening and inviting fields wait to welcome them, and their reward is sure. So mused I, as I turned away from the grave of this "beloved Persis which labored much in the Lord."

Amherst, Burma, July 7, 1894.

THE BRIGHT AND DARK SIDES OF GIRL LIFE IN INDIA.

THE above is the title of an Indian dialogue, written by the late Miss Ida O. Phillips, missionary in India, and which our missionary bureau now sends out for use in missionary entertainments. It gives living pictures from every-day life, portraying first zenana-life and the little school-girl in her father's house, then as a child-bride, and also as bride, child-wife, and widow in her husband's home. Native costumes and ornaments for the various characters, household utensils, and furnishings, shrine, idol, sacred vessels and articles used in worship, etc., etc., have been imported from India for this dialogue. Altogether it is unique, we know of nothing like it in this country.

The incidents are taken from actual life, such as have come to the personal knowledge of our missionaries, and the little drama reads as interestingly as a story. To any one considering a talk or paper on India (such as we often desire in our missionary meetings) the dialogue alone will prove valuable with illustrations and notes of India life and customs.

The dialogue can be varied to meet different needs, places, and facilities. Send for a copy for personal reading and use, whether or not you desire the public entertainment. Price 8 cents each ; 40 cents per half-dozen ; 75 cents per dozen.

Address

MISS KATE J. ANTHONY,
40 Summer Street,
Providence, R. I.

HILLSDALE YOUNG PEOPLE.

OUR society, the Junior A. C. F. of the F. W. B. church, pledged \$25 for Miss Barnes' salary, \$10.75 of which we have already sent. In acknowledging the receipt of the same, Miss DeMeritte requested a report from our society for publication in the HELPER. We have thirty-four active members, and have raised \$4.75 by monthly collections.

Mabel Barnard, one of our number, gave \$5.00 and Mrs. Betts gave us \$1. We are planning to raise the remainder of our pledge in the early autumn, and you may hear from us again later.

Yours truly,

ROYAL J. BOYNTON, *Treas. Jun. A. C. F.*



A LESSON ON TURKEY.

[From "Mission Studies."]

REAL missionary work began in Turkey very many years ago, for as the children will remember, Paul was the first missionary to Turkey, and there is a tradition that Thomas, the disciple of Jesus, first carried the Gospel to China. But, of course, we must remember that is only a tradition, while Paul's missionary trip is real history. So this month we are going to spend a little time with our first missionary to Turkey, Paul, "born on missionary soil," as we say of some of our missionaries to day.

Will some one of the children tell me where he was born?
Where are we told about it? See Acts 21 : 39 and 22 : 3.

The American Board has a missionary station here.

What was his business? See Acts 18 : 3.

Was Paul a Christian when we first met him? See Acts 9 :
1 and 2.

Where was he converted? See Acts 9 : 3, 4, 5, 6.

Was he chosen for a missionary? See Acts 9 : 15.

Where did he preach his first sermon? See Acts 9 : 19, 20.

Here also are missionaries now, though not of our own church.

How was Paul first called to missionary work? See Acts
11 : 25, 26.

Near here Aintab, one of our largest missionary stations is
located, and there is an out-station of Aintab in Antioch itself.

Where was Paul ordained to missionary service? See Acts
13 : 2 and 3.

Where was his first station? See Acts 13 : 4.

Where did he preach his first *recorded* sermon? See Acts
13 : 14, etc.

What were the results of the sermons? See Acts 13 : 44-52.

Who can tell us where he preached last and when he died?

Why does the country where Paul preached the Gospel then
need missionaries now?

OUR "AFRICA" MEETING.

"WHY, they eat each other up!"

"Eat each other up?"

"Yes, eat each other up, some of the tribes do, and are
called cannibals."

"Well, what on earth have cannon balls got to do with eating
folks up? You've got hold of the wrong word again, Nell."

"It's you that got hold of the wrong word, Arthur Pendery.
I said 'can-ni-bals,' and that just means 'man-eaters.' If I was
you, before I told other folks how —"

"Time to begin, little people. Let's sing, 'Throw out the life-line,'" said I. This was a favorite song with the children. That's the way I nipped the discussion in the bud; it was getting entirely too heated. At the close of the song I asked Arthur to read for me the 10th chapter of Proverbs, and after a short prayer, in which all clasped their hands and closed their eyes, the roll was called. Each one answered by giving the name of some missionary in Africa.

"'Sunbeams,'" said I, "Africa, as you know, is our study for this afternoon. As you also know we are to have volunteer speeches. I am to ask no questions. A boy and then a girl will give an item, and so on till we get round. At any time you can ask each other or me a question about the bit of news that has just been given. From the knowing looks on your faces, you must have ever so much to tell about Africa. Who will make the first speech?"

An embarrassing silence fell upon the "Sunbeams." It was broken by Emmet Baker, the smallest boy in the band, who cautiously said, "Miss Ainsley, did you know the Africans is all Negroes?"

"No, they ain't," broke in Guy Paxton, "not all of 'em; there's different varieties. Mr. Norton told me about six varieties. He said it was the common belief that they are all Negroes, but this is not so."

"They are all dark in color," said Adoe Beneke, "and it's hard to classify 'em. Why, Miss Ainsley, 'most every new explorer brings to light some new race."

"Miss Ainsley, Africa is as large as North and South America put together."

"Why, Miss Ainsley, they've got three hundred million people there."

"An' O Miss Ainsley, hardly any of 'em know anything about Jesus."

"Just to think, Miss Ainsley, Africa has been just as near to New York for four hundred years as she is right now, and nobody knew anything about her."

"O Miss Ainsley, the people couldn't be any lower than they are in Africa, and so cruel."

"Why, they believe in witches."

"An' they've got men they call 'medicine men,' and they make the people believe they can put a spell on any stick, stone, shell, tree, or plant, so that it will have power to cure them or hurt their enemies."

All this came one upon another so quickly that it was somewhat bewildering.

"They have the Mohammedan religion," I suggested.

"Well, that is simply worse than none!" exclaimed Robert Huffman.

"Of course it is," said Armide Perry, "their missionaries are just slave traders. They carry off the people in gangs on foot, and when the weak, sick ones and women and children can't keep up, they knock them on the back of the head and leave them. It almost made me cry to read about it."

"It 'most makes me cry to hear about it," said little Mabel Spencer.

"And then teach the people to say, 'God is great,'" said Sallie Lee, "but never tell them about his great love or his greatness to save."

"Because they don't know anything about it," said Mac Hubbard.

"Miss Ainsley, did you know that American people are sending 900,000 gallons of rum every year to Africa?" said Robert Grammar. "I don't think rum and missionaries go well together, do you?"

"God's messengers and the devil's will have to fight," said Jim Wells.

I looked round on the eager little faces, bright with sympathetic intelligence, and softly sang one verse of "The light of the world is Jesus," then said gently, "But what can we do for Africa?"

"We can pray for Africa"—"An' for our missionaries there"—"We can tell others about her"—"We can give our money"—"An' get others to give their money"—were some of the answers received.

Roy Stocks stole his little hand in mine and said, "May be when we grow up some of us will go to Africa as missionaries."

"Miss Ainsley," said little Mary Foster, who had not yet spoken, "my mamma says Egypt is in Africa, and don't you know that Joseph took Jesus, when he was a little baby into Egypt to keep Pharaoh from killing him? Don't you think that's a good reason for us to help Africa?"

"My darlings, now that we know so much about Africa and how badly her people need missionaries to tell them about Jesus, God will hold us responsible if we don't help send these missionaries. Each one must do his or her part. We will close our meeting with a prayer that God will help the children all over our land to learn more about Africa, to pray more for Africa, and to give more of their money to send the Gospel to Africa."—*Agnes Osborne, in Kind Words.*

LITTLE HOP WANG'S NEW YEAR.

LITTLE HOP WANG was quite tired. He had been out for hours celebrating New Year's, shouting and laughing at the queer looking men, watching the jugglers and street shows, playing rough games, setting off fire-crackers, listening to street music, the drums and tom-toms, till his head ached with the noise, and his poor little feet felt as if he could never stand on them again.

Hop Wang thought he would go home and rest; and how glad he was to find there was no one in the house to send him on errands, or disturb him in any way! It was a cold day, and he built a fire under the *kang*, a stone platform that ran all around the room, rolled himself up in a comforter, and lay down to rest.

In various parts of the room there were some bright new idols. There were little wooden images set up on shelves and in niches, and there was a gorgeous red and yellow kitchen god, made of paper, that he thought was particularly beautiful. As he lay and looked at them his thoughts were something like this :

"The white teacher says nobody should worship such gods ; that they are only pieces of wood, and can neither see nor hear ; that there is a great God somewhere, who made everything and who loves everybody. But then my mother says we must worship these gods ; that they will be angry and do something dreadful if we don't, and she must know. I wonder if they would really get angry. Wan Lee was very mad this morning when I hit him in the face. I wonder if that kitchen god would be angry if I should hit him. I believe I will try it."

In a moment Hop Wang was standing on a stool, touching the eyes and nose of the paper god very gently, and trembling all over with excitement. Of course, the god did not move. Then he ventured to poke it quite hard, and as nothing happened, he struck its mouth as hard as he could with his little fist.

"I wonder if he would burn up?" he said to himself, and then pulled it down, ran across the room, and threw it in the fire under the *kang*.

Yes ; it burned just like any other piece of paper.

"I believe the wooden ones will burn, too," he thought ; and one after another he took them from the shelves and niches and threw them into the fire ; and in a few minutes all the gods in the room were only a heap of ashes.

Then how frightened he was ! "What will my mother say ? What will my father do ?" he said to himself. "He will give me a dreadful whipping ; I am afraid." And then, full of terror, he ran out into some woods near by and hid among the trees.

When Hop Wang's father and mother came home they could not think what had happened. The idols were all gone, and there was no Hop Wang to be seen; and they were very much frightened, too, as they thought some evil spirits might have taken away the idols, and the little boy with them. Perhaps this was a punishment for listening to the Christian teacher who had spoken to the crowd as they passed!

But they hurried out to see if they could find Hop Wang; and after a long time they found him hiding behind a tree, crying as hard as he could cry.

His father took him in his arms and asked what was the matter, and then Hop Wang told him what he had done.

"Don't be troubled," said his father; "I will not punish you. Gods who cannot keep themselves from burning up can't do much to us, good or bad."

Little Hop Wang never believed in idols again. Wasn't that a very happy New Year for him?—*Mission Dayspring*.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE hot weeks in July and early August were not favorable to brain activity, and we received fewer communications than usual, therefore in this number we have a chance to hobnob with our neighbors of other Woman's Missionary Societies. . . . Reports from the Woman's Convention, at Ocean Park are very favorable. The cooked food, furnished at Blake Industrial, was a great boon to the cottagers. There was an earnest call for the arrangements to be extended next year. The meetings occurred too late to be reported in this number, but such news loses none of its zest by a little delay. . . . The gift of \$25,000 for a Divinity School building, at Bates College, is very opportune, as the building is much needed. The generous donor, Dea. L. W. Anthony, has invested this capital where it will pay heavenly interest. Would that some one who

has money would invest in a building for the use of the girls. Such a one is very much needed. Bates has done a valuable but only a partial work for women, because of lack of especial accommodations.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for July, 1894.

MAINE.

Anson, Q. M. col.	\$6.25
Athens, ch. T. O.	3.00
Augusta aux., native teacher	\$6.00
T. O. 5-76	11.76
Cape Elizabeth aux., T. O. Miss	
Baker's salary	6.20
East Dixmont, "A Methodist" F.	
M.	35.00
Ellsworth, Q. M. F. M.	6.25
East Corinth, Mrs. M. B. Wingate	17.50
East Corinth, children's day for	
Miss Barnes	4.33
Farmington Q. M. aux., bal. L.	
M., Mrs. E. Blake	3.00
Lewiston aux., Main St., ch. \$17.02	
T. O. \$4.45	21.47
Mapleton aux., Paras.	10.53
New Portland aux., T. O.60
Oakland aux., Gen. work	3.09
Portland aux., 1st F. B. ch. T. O.	
for F. M.	12.00
Portland, aux., 1st F. B. ch. Miss	
Coombs's passage	1.00
Portland aux., 1st F. B. ch. Miss	
Baker's sal. \$20.00 and bal. work	
\$20.00	40.00
Portland, Miss L. B. Aagerson's	
S. S. Class for Mattatti in S. O	6.00
Saco aux.	22.80
Springvale Babies' Band	5.50
Waterville, Q. M. col. F. M. . .	5.51

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Belmont aux., 1st F. B. ch. . . .	\$12.37
Franklin Falls, aux., T. O. \$12.00	
all for Miss Butts's sal. and work	
at Storer College	15.00
Gilfordville "unaccounted for" in	
June receipts	3.00
Manchester aux., 1st F. B. T. O.	
\$12.95 and dues \$1.94	14.89

VERMONT.

Washington "Hopeful Workers"	
for Clara Thorn in S. O. . . .	\$5.00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Blackstone aux., Ind. Dept. \$2.50	
and Miss Phillips \$2.50	\$5.00
Boston ch.	5.00
Lowell Freewill Offering \$6.75	
Summatti, \$6.25 Sayta \$5.00 . .	18.00
Taunton aux., Miss Phillips \$2.00	
Ind. Dept. \$2.00	4.00
Wellesley, Olive S. Bean, Gen.	
Fund	8.00

RHODE ISLAND.

Arlington aux., Miss Phillips \$1.00	
and Ind. Dept. \$1.20	\$2.20
Block Island, Miss Phillips \$2.50	
Ind. Dept. \$2.50	5.00
Greenville aux., Miss Phillips	
\$5, Ind. Dept. \$5.	10.00
Pawtucket aux., Miss Phillips's	
sal. \$7.50, Ind. Dept. \$7.50 . . .	15.00
Pawtucket T. O. Ind. Dept. \$7.50,	
Miss Phillips \$7.50	15.00
Pawtucket J. E. Soc., Miss Barnes	
Pascoag aux., Ind. Dept. \$6, Miss	
Phillips \$6	12.00
Providence aux., Park St., Mrs. C.	
S. Bradbury for Miss Phillips .	5.00
Providence, Park St. aux., Ind.	
Dept.	5.00
Providence, Mission Bank Park	
St., Miss Phillips	2.50
Providence aux., Elmwood Ave.,	
Miss Phillips \$4, Ind. Dept. 2.25	6.25
Providence S. S. Mission, Elm-	
wood Ave., Ind. Dept. \$2.25 and	
Miss Phillips \$4	6.25

NEW YORK.

Buffalo Star and Crescent Miss	
Band for Miss Barnes's sal. . .	\$12.50
Fairport, Miss. meeting T. O. . .	3.00
Susquehanna Y. M. W. Soc. for	
F. M.	5.60

OHIO.

Rutland, children's col for Miss	
Barnes	\$1.10

ILLINOIS.

Ohio Grove Woman's Miss. Soc. for Miss Barnes	\$4.00
Tamaroa Mission Band for Rutner	3.50

MICHIGAN.

Hillsdale Junior A. C. F. for Miss Barnes's salary	\$10.75
Mason aux., T. O.	5.75
Paw Paw aux., T. O.	6.00
Van Buren, Q. M. T. O.	4.00

IOWA.

Aurora aux., for Mrs. Miner . .	\$2.50
Bryantburg aux., for Mrs. Miner	7.38
Edgewood aux., for Mrs. Miner .	1.00
Fairbank aux., for Mrs. Miner . .	10.00

WISCONSIN.

Oakland, Miss. Soc. T. O. \$2.00, Mrs. M. D. Mack, T. O. \$1.00 birthday offering from S. S. \$.63 for Miss Barnes	\$3.63
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MINNESOTA.

Delavan aux., T. O.	\$8.00
Minneapolis aux., for F. M. . . .	5.00
Minneapolis S. S. for Miss Barnes	11.04
Winnebago aux., for Storer Col- lege \$4.31, F. M. \$1.76	6.07
Winnebago Q. M. col. F. M. . . .	5.12

KANSAS.

Clear Fork aux., Home Work . .	\$20.00
Horton, children's day col. for Miss Barnes	3.00

NEBRASKA.

Firth, Mrs. J. J. Murphy, for child Sinclair Orphanage	\$1.75
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Lydia Wagner for F. M.	\$1.00
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Total \$537.24

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